

Our Army and Navy Boys

Mr and Mrs F. E. Grogg and family were notified last week by the War Department of the death of S-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg, on August 8th, in England, due to injuries received in action.

St-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg was born on September 22, 1923, at Greenbank. He was a graduate of Greenbank High school in May 1942. He was then employed as a sheet metal worker by the Glen L. Martin Company in Baltimore, until he entered the Air Corps on March 22, 1943.

He completed months of specialized training in Army Air Force Technical schools at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi and Laredo Army Air Base, Laredo, Texas; then had final training in Combat Crew Training school as an aerial engineer and gunner at Colorado Springs, Colorado, before he left for the theatre of war. After landing safely in England on June 28, 1944, he was sent to Northern Ireland where he completed an orientation course designed to bridge the gap between training in the States and combat soldiering against the enemy in France.

St-Sergeant Emil L. Grogg is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Grogg, of Dunmore; six brothers, Charles, Melvin, Edward Ray, Donald, Forrest, Jr., and Marion David; four sisters, Dorothea, Betty and Ruth Ann, all of Dunmore; Martha Mae, employed in Charleston; one brother, Pvt. Guy S. Grogg, in the Army, stationed in North Africa. Also numerous relatives and friends.

Somewhere in England.
August 12, 1944.

Dear Mr. Price:

When I was home in Marlinton I often read letters from our boys overseas. Now I am writing you one myself and I hope you will print it in the Times. I am now back in England after being wounded somewhere in France. I am O. K. and am getting along fine. You probably do not know me so I will tell you who I am. I am the son-in-law of B. F. Long of Marlinton and I was living there when I was drafted. I would appreciate it if you will put this in the Times and I am sure Mr. Long will too. I am also sending you a poem I have written here in the hospital.

Thanking you very much, and in advance I am,

Yours truly,
Private Ralph D. Coberly.

THINGS I MISS

I miss my home in Marlinton,
I miss my friends so dear,
I miss everything so dear to me
Since I came over here.

I miss the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees,
I miss the hunting on the hillside
Among the rocks and trees.

I miss the buzzing of the old sawmill,
The tannery not far from the track,
I miss the gang at Wib's pool hall,
But someday I'll come back.

I miss the things I did not know I loved;
I wanted to be on the run,
But there is no place I'd rather be
Than dear old Marlinton.

Lanty Phillips, S. 2-c. United States Navy, writes as follows to sister, Mrs. Ellen Hoover:
August 14, 1944

Dear Sis:

Thought that I would drop you a few lines. This leaves me O. K. and hope you all are the same. I guess you thought that I was not going to write but I have not had time. I have been moved again but we are not allowed to tell where we are but I would rather be back in the States.

August 17, 1944

Received your letter yesterday and sure was glad to know you were all well. For myself I am just fine. You said that you thought about me all of the time. Well don't think that I don't think of you all and home; that is all I can think of.

Tell Ruth and Joan that I cannot get the things they wanted until I come back in the States. You were wanting a poll parrot. I will get you two little ones if they will let me send them to you. They only cost two dollars a piece.

We have a lot of fun here but not as much as I had when I was home. Coconuts grow here and things grow the year around here. It is a nice place here.

Tell Lem I don't guess I will get to squirrel hunt this year but I sure would like to. Tell Bertha and all hello for me and give John and them my address and tell them to write to me.

Write to me real soon.
Your brother,
Lanty Phillips, S 2-c.

PULASKI TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1944

An important item of business this month and a personal, patriotic privilege as well, is to contribute to the raising of not less than \$2,500 in Pocahontas County for the support of the United Service Organizations. These minister to our men in the Armed Services. Let the letter of Aubrey Ferguson, Pharmacist Mate, United States Navy, be our editorial this week. He wrote it to Harper M. Smith, the County Chairman.

Sunday Sept. 3, 1944.

Dear Harper:

I am spending the week-end in Chicago on liberty, and remembering your desire for a personal view of the U. S. O. at work for service men and women. I have come tonight purposely to one of the many clubs here, to drop you a line from "the scene."

This particular Club is located at Wabash & Monroe, and on the second floor of a large business building, the entire floor being donated by Norman F. Bensinger, a Chicago business man, for this activity.

At the door as I came in, I was met by a genial man who turned out to be a Mr. Hemmick, a Salvation Army representative. His first inquiry was, "Can I do something for you?" And this seems to be the general attitude of all the Clubs and their workers—doing something for the men and women who visit, the men in such large numbers.

There are dozens and dozens of people in here at the moment. All around one side of the wall near me there are other writing desks who likewise are thinking of home and loved ones. And incidentally, most of them are not equipped with one of their own, are having the same struggle that I was having before my exasperation led me to change to this lowly pencil—that is trying to make a public pen write!

It will be impossible to give you any more than a scant concept of the work of such a large club as this—for they undoubtedly do countless good things that do not readily present themselves to observation. But there is what I can see:

A snack bar, where good eats and drinks may be obtained at cost.

Cloak and check rooms for hats and wraps of military visitors and the civilian workers, including a bevy of attractive young women who are here to provide the feminine company so many men are looking for—and a corps of outstanding women, just a few years older, who act as hostesses and chaperones.

In one corner is a room marked "Camera Club," and here I was told a Service man may borrow a camera for that Chicago "excursion," and there is maintained a dark room and developer for finishing the pictures—one can either do it himself or it will be done for him.

Next is a work room where one can busy his hands making things from plastics and other materials. Then there is a sketch corner with materials for the one with artistic inclinations. Many sample photographs and sketches show the work others have done in these two diversions.

A half-dozen ping pong tables are all in use on the other side of the room, and some are engaged in playing other games.

In the large ballroom a dance is in progress, with an orchestra providing the music. I noticed a juke-box which is probably employed when an orchestra is not present.

At a piano just back of me a girl is playing for a swingin' fellow and a girl who like to you. Since I have been sitting here their songs have expressed every desire from "a girl who married dear old dad" to "Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?"

All over this side of the room there are comfortable chairs with cigarettes and ash trays nearby and the usual wide variety of magazines and papers.

At an information desk sits an attractive young woman who told me her name was Miss Adams, when I borrowed this pencil from her. So, if one doesn't see what he wants he can always ask Miss Adams! She was born at Beckley, W. Va.

An interesting feature is the "Spot Your Home Town" section consisting of cut out maps of every State in the Union, put upon a wall, with large-headed pins to be put in by visitors. Needless to say they are all well-dotted with pins by now. I'll stick one the West Virginia map at the site of Marlinton just because it's one of the Nation's best localities!

Well, what more could anyone expect to get for the money they give in belief of those who are serving their country!

I can go on and Harper, that you have attempted to hand the drive

again for the U. S. O. in Pocahontas county. You did a fine job of it last year, and you and your staff of volunteers, and all the generous people of the County may take my sincere word for it, that the work of the U. S. O. is unequalled in this war.

A friend of mine from West Virginia, Walter H. Fisher, Jr., of Charleston, just said to me the other evening, "I never realized till I got into the Service just what the U. S. O. is doing. It is hard for anyone else to realize the broad scope of its work."

That is true, but with so many to recommend it, I am sure that our people will not hesitate to give with such willingness that your drive will be put over the top—and quickly!

Very best wishes to you from one who is proud to be your friend. Aubrey.

Our Army and Navy Boys

Pvt. Howard R. Does writes from New Guinea under date of August 28, 1944.

Dear Cal:

This is a few-lines tonight to let you know I am still alive, over here in New Guinea, and no matter how long I am over here I won't be able to forget about home and the folks back home. Hope everyone of them are well and happy and that the dry weather must have cut the crops quite a lot.

Say Cal, there is something I would like for you to do for us boys who are from the county of Pocahontas and over here in New Guinea. I wish you would send me the addresses of some of them or all of them if you can. The most of us would like to get together once in awhile, but we are unable to, without the address. And APO number. Let me know if you can do this for us.

I have been writing Summers Dunbrack for the last two weeks, having found his address in the home state address book at the "Red Cross." That is the only way we can find each other over here. I would like to have Ivan Barlow's address, if you have it handy.

I want to also let you know of my change of address and hope this is the last time I will have to worry you with this.

I am truly sorry to see by your paper, that we lost so many of our boys from our county at the start of the invasion. I send my deepest regrets to those who have lost loved ones and friends on that side of this War tired world, but let us hope they have not died in vain, as so many of our boys did in 1917-18. Let us hope the good old U. S. A. really wakes up, this time and cleans out the two "rats nests" once and for all, and let as many of the boys come back to their homes again, as God sees fit to spare.

I must close for this time. Pvt. Howard R. Does.

Cpl. Forest H. Turner writes to his mother, Mrs. Nora Turner, of Frost, Panama.

Dearest Mother:

Well mother as I received two letters from you today I will try and answer them. They were the first I have received from you for a week, but as the air mail has not been going I did not expect any. So, if you have not heard from me for a week or so, you know why. Well I am pretty happy tonight, and enjoying myself. Mary sent me a box of cookies, so I am sitting here writing and eating cookies.

There is a soldier here that has a pet monkey; he is outside on the window sill begging me for more cookies. He is the sweetest animal I ever saw; he will climb upon you and search your pockets for candy and gum. If you have any he will soon find it. I am going to have my picture taken with him sitting on my shoulder, hugging him and send you one.

Well mother, I'm glad you go on to can, they are my favorite fruit. Mary said she had canned quite a few quarts. Well, I will ring off, as I want to write to Mary. Take best care of your self. With love, from your son, Forest.

L. L. Dilley, of Covington, Va., sends this letter from his brother, PFC Kyle C. Dilley who is serving in the Infantry somewhere in France.

Aug. 24, 1944.

Hello Lawrence & All: I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am well yet. How are you all? Fine, I hope. I am getting the mail all right. I am in combat. I have been in five days and I have been up in the front line. We've got the boys on the run, now. I cannot tell you much news in a letter. I will tell you the news when I get home. I hope it will be soon. I hope to get the box of candy soon. You can send me candy any time.

Well the big guns are roaring now. Tell the rest of the folks hello for me, and keep the good work up. We will win the war soon.

I don't have any more news for now. I will close for now. Love, Kyle.

Soldier Hughes M. Cook writes as follows to his wife from Guam in the South Pacific, under date of August 15:

My Dearest One:

Just a few lines in reply to your letters I have received since I have been here on the Island of Guam. I have gotten twenty-three letters from you since I came here but just have not had the chance to answer any of them until now. You know, I just cannot fight the Japs and write letters at the same time. I did not get the letters from our daughter and your mother you mentioned in your letter; if I had I would certainly have answered.

This leaves me well and getting along fine. Hope this letter finds you and all the same.

I am sending you a bill of Japanese money as a souvenir. The bill is called a five yen piece. I will send our daughter a Japanese half yen (half-dollar) piece in paper, as that is the largest bill I have at hand as I write.

I want you to tell my buddy, Jess, that he should be here to go hunting with me. We have an open season here on Japs. There is no limit on how many you can kill in a day or a night.

Love to you and our daughter. Your devoted husband, H. M. Cook.

The following letter was received by Mrs. John Clark, from her son, James G. Quick, who is at Sea in parts unknown. He has been on the water since March and is now on the U.S.S. Scrogan, which is the fourth ship.

Dear Mom:

I received the Testament you sent me, and I like it very much.

Mother remember the ships I came off. Well a torpedo struck her mid ship and she went down in 4 miles. The Charles Lawrence got hit too; that was the other ship I was on. There were three ships I have been on struck, two sunk and one damaged. 31 men on the Darnell, D. E. 56 and 76 men on the Scrogan D. E. 53 and 11 men on Wilkens D. E. 800.

I sure am thankful that I was transferred in time. I don't like the ship I am on now and I am going to apply for a transfer. I don't know whether I will get it or not. I am sending you a picture of myself as soon as I have time to get some made.

Closing with love and the best of luck. Your son, Jimmy.

The following letter was received by Howard Ray from his son-in-law, Pvt. Reed Turner, who is serving overseas. Reed has been a member of the Armed Forces since June 1, 1942. His wife and daughter are residing with her parents near Marlinton. Somewhere in China July 30, 1944.

Hello Grand dad and All:

As I am not doing anything at present I will try and write a V mail letter to you for a change. The weather here sure has been hot and dry, but we had a good rain yesterday, and last night, which cooled the air off some, but it is still pretty hot.

There is not much going on here at the present time and nothing that we can tell. Suppose you are getting the news everyday over the radio, and that is about all I could tell you if we could write it. I am glad I can talk the radio down with her and was able to get a battery for it as it will be a lot of company to her and Bunny as well as the rest of you.

We have been over here more than a year now, so it will not be very long until we can get home again. Really will be glad when that day does come. Take care of yourself and Velma and Bunny and write when you can. Some of these days, I will be home again.

As ever your son, Reed.

Air Force Service Command Station, England Private First Class Claude A. Stumming, Cass, W. Va., serves in a quartermaster truck company at this air base. Son of Mrs. Eula Blake, Cass, he aids in the delivery of vital war supplies needed to sustain the aerial offensive in Germany. A farmer prior to entering service in April, 1942, Pfc. Stumming is now operating a vehicle. He has been overseas since February, 1944.

Mrs. Kate B. Ware, of Mingo, received the Purple Heart, which was awarded her son, PFC Okey P. Ware, for the honor of being wounded in the Invasion of France on July 4th. We are glad to say he is recovering fast. Mrs. Ware has another son, Ola M. Ware, S.K. 30, of the Navy, somewhere in the South Pacific, who at last reports was getting along fine.

Pvt. Delbert Kerns of Butler, N. C. recently visited his friend, Mrs. Mary Simmons, at Marlinton. Also: parents and friends at Elkins. Pvt. Kerns has been overseas for two years.

Born in Cal. and Mrs. Forrest R. Turner, September 3, 1944, a daughter, name, Doris Marie.

The following letter was recently sent by Mrs. Daisy Simmons, of Elkins, from her son, Frederick G. Simmons, P-1, who has been serving in the United States Navy for two years and who has been overseas somewhere in New Guinea for almost a year.

Dearest Mother:

It is not easy to express in words the things that he deeply in our hearts, and a boy's love for his mother is deeply rooted there. On this Mother's Day, May 14, 1944, all the boys on board this ship want to remember their mothers. The long distances in space and time prevent us from seeing them or talking to them directly. Under the circumstances, we make use of the only medium at our disposal, namely the written word.

We know this letter is going to reach you weeks after Mother's Day has passed, but it will serve to tell you that we were thinking of you more than anyone else on that day. It is a kind of Thanks giving Day because millions of sons and daughters the world over are thanking their mothers for all they have done for them. They are trying to make them feel how much they are loved for all their motherly labors and such is the reason for this message of mine to you today.

Love shows itself in giving, in sharing the best we have with one loved dearest. Since we are so far apart, we can not send you even flowers or candy, or any of the other little things that in a very small way indicate our love for you. But we can give you something that is infinitely better and more lasting than all material things. I am remembering you by the prayers, the gratitude, the loyalty of a loving and devoted son.

Affectionately, Freddie.

DEAR MOTHER

Can't throw bouquets at you This Mother's Day, sweetheart. Can't shower you with other gifts Cause we're so far apart.

Can't write down why I love you Tho' I have pen and pad. It would take a hundred pages And that would make the censors mad.

Can't even buy a card With a verse already on it. Can't make you one myself, Cause I am no poet, darn it. So Mother dear, I'll only send This letter but I'll pray That next year we'll be together To celebrate the day.

Love, Your son, Freddie.

FOR SALE

4 room house, nicely located in the town of Cass. East side, 3 lots 40x75 feet. Apply to:

Mrs. Hettie Perry, 211 Clark Drive, Apt. 202, Charleston, W. Va.

Reward

I will pay \$25 for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of the party that shot through the windows of my dwelling house on Droop Mountain.

Dewey Hiner, Cass, W. Va.

NO HUNTING

No hunting allowed under penalty of law on the lands of the undersigned, near Stony Bottom, especially with dogs. I have been having too many sheep killed.

Hunter Adams, S-14-32.

NOTICE

To the Creditors and Beneficiaries of the estate of J. N. Clutter, deceased:

All persons having claims against the estate of the said J. N. Clutter, deceased, whether due or not, are notified to exhibit, same with the voucher thereof, legally verified, to the undersigned, at his office in the Town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on or before the 9th day of March 1945; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

All beneficiaries of said estate are notified to be present on said day to protect their interests.

Given under my hand this 6th day of September, 1944.

P. T. Ward, Commissioner of Accounts, County of Pocahontas, West Virginia.

X-RAY CLINIC

The District Health Department wishes to announce that a chest x-ray clinic will be held at the Health Department in Marlinton on September 18th and until noon on September 19th.

All persons who have previously had tuberculosis or who have ever been contacts of tuberculosis cases, are urged to take advantage of this opportunity of securing an x-ray.

Due to shortage of x-ray films, no children will be examined unless accompanied by their parents or guardians. Exceptions to this rule will be made only by previous arrangement with the Health Department.

Any further information necessary can be obtained at the Health Department in Marlinton on Tuesdays from 10:00 a. m. to 4 p. m. by writing to Public Health District No. 1 at Leesport.

Our Army and Navy Boys

Headquarters AAF Station F-121, Office of the Chaplain.
August 16, 1944.

Miss Eva Jane Cloonan
Martinsburg, West Virginia.

My dear Miss Cloonan:
Permit me to join with Lt. Colonel Everett W. Stewart, our Station Commanding Officer and Major E. E. Frink, in expressing our sympathy in your sorrow caused by the sudden death of your brother, Pvt. Clarence B. Cloonan, ASN 83396196, of the 14th Station Complement Squadron. His death was a shock to us all.

I know it must be difficult for you to understand why so many have to pay such a price that victory might be ours. We must all realize that a conflict so great as this one engulfs us and leads us along strange paths. Some of us will be spared to enjoy the freedom we are trying to make secure for us all. Others will not be so fortunate. They become a part of the tremendous price that is to be paid.

Your brother was a good soldier. He was always attentive to his orders and his officers never found complaint with his work. Though he never got to share in actual combat, he did play an important part in making this station a secure place from which our pilots go forth to their tasks.

I personally made the trip to the American Military Cemetery and took part in the funeral service which laid him to rest. Our prayers were that the Eternal Father of us might bear him up in the everlasting arms.

Regretting more could not have been done for Clarence, but praying that the God of love will be your comfort in these difficult days, I am

Sympathetically yours,
James N. Zeigler,
Station Chaplain.

Mrs. W. G. Frazier, of Van Wert, Ohio, writes as follows to her father, C. B. Rohman, giving details of the death of her brother, Lieutenant Donald Rohman, who was killed in action on July 11th, as given to her by another brother, Captain Charles E. Rohman:

August 27, 1944.

Dear Daddy:

Did you get my last letter? I had another letter from Charles E. telling me all about Dit and I know you would like to hear about it and even though it is a terrible thing it is a comfort to know Charles was there to take care of him. It does not very often happen that way.

Charles writes: "Due to censorship regulations I could not say anything about Don for 80 days. They are up today so now I can tell you that I know about it and have since the day it happened. I went over to see him on July 11. Arriving at the field he was flying from about 1:00 P. M. I was told by the men there that he had been shot down just two hours before. He went like a soldier and fast. He got a direct hit from an A. A. shell and never knew what hit him. His plane burned but he was dead before it caught fire. His body was not burned for it was thrown clear. He was flying over the front lines adjusting fire on an enemy battery that was firing on our troops. The last his battalion heard from him was '100 short, fire for effect.' He silenced the battery but lost his own life doing it. This is as much as any artillery man could ask for. He did his job and a good one. The Colonel gave me two days off and I took care of him. I have all his equipment except what he had on at the time. I talked to his Commanding Officer and got all the information I could.

There is one thing I want you to promise me and that is that you won't let this get you down for it is over and done with and nothing will bring Don back. Look at it the way I do. Don was just transferred to another division. That he will carry on there as well as he did in the last. We still have to go on.

Charles E. expressed it beautifully didn't he? He is a Captain now and going forward toward Germany. He seems to be filled with a cold fury for all Germans water is understandable.

Must close for now and put the twins to bed. Wilbur, Jr., is visiting in Atlanta. I sure do miss him. W. G. is in Baltimore today. Answer for I would like to hear of you all.

Love, Fay and all.

Dear Mr. Price:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am still living, and getting along O. K. so far. It is pretty hot over here on the island. It is not as hot here though as on some of the other islands.

They call the Hawaiian Islands the Paradise of the Pacific. You can see a rainbow all most every day. You can even see rainbows at night.

I have been fortunate in getting to see my kid brother, Albert, pretty often and we enjoy it very much too. I have a change in address again so will you please change my paper.

P.F.C. Lloyd Woods.

Mrs. Joe Parish, of Union, received the following letter from her brother, Cpl. Elza N. Baker who is in the Bermuda Islands. Sept. 14, 1944.

Dear Sis:

I received your most welcome letter yesterday and sure was glad to hear from you, and glad to know you were well and getting along fine.

This leaves me feeling pretty good so far and getting along fine with a mashed and broken foot. This sure is a hot day here. How is Dock getting along now? Hope you can read this mess for I am lying down writing. I guess I will get out of bed pretty soon.

I received a letter from Mother yesterday and they were all well and getting along fine. I hope you get another job before long. I don't know when I will get home, but I hope soon. I got my foot broken the 8th of Sept.

Well, Sis, I will close, maybe I can do better next time.

Love always, your brother,

Elza.

Miss Polly Sydenstricker of Spring Creek sends this letter from her brother, S. Sgt. Dore L. Sydenstricker, U. S. M. C. R. who has been overseas twenty-two months.

Dear Polly and Dad:

How are the two kids getting along? Fine I hope. I am just fine. Guess it has begun to turn cold there by now. Sure wish I could there to enjoy some of that

weather. I would probably freeze after being here in this hot climate. I may be back in the States by Xmas.

Dad, how are all the young women getting along back there now? Boy, I would like to be with a few of them. Could I have a time!

Polly, how is my pretty Sis getting along now? Boy, I would like to give you a whipping tonight. Remember when we had our little fights, and you would always wind up crying? Ha! you little baby.

Well sis, I haven't so much time now. You and Dad take good care of your selves. I will write again soon.

Dan.

Mrs. B. C. Peterson, of Marlinton, sends this letter from her son, Cpl. C. E. Peterson, who is somewhere in New Guinea.

Dear Mom:

Received your letter yesterday and was sure glad to hear from the best Mom in the world.

Well mom, I am still here and don't know when I will be able to come home. No, I haven't any pictures of myself but will try to send some later on.

I was sorry to hear that Burnett was over seas. That makes us all doesn't it? Anyway I hope it won't be long until we can all be together again.

Tell Dad and Wilma hello for me. Also tell him we will really celebrate when we get back.

No, I haven't any souvenirs at present, but will send you something later, probably a set of pajamas, but I know you wouldn't want that; anyway Dad might.

Well this is about all I can think of at the present time, so will close. All the love in the world to the best Mom in the world.

Cleotus.

Mrs. Mabel Burris received the following letter from her son, PFC. Frank Burris, of Cass, now serving overseas in France.

Dear Mother:

I will try to write a few lines to let you hear from me. Hope you are feeling fine.

I sure was sorry to hear about Carol Lee going to the Hospital. Wish I could have kept there

with her. I sure feel I would take her place anytime, if it was in Charleston.

Mom, I sure appreciate you sending those packages. All the boys here look forward to the day when their packages arrive, and that's the same with me.

Dad, you have a good time while in Baltimore. I sure wish I could have been along, but we will have to wait a few weeks yet.

I think Marie is a perfect darling, even if we used to fight all the time. Those were good times. It was a little more easy than this one over here. I expect I will live in peace afterwards.

Mom, tell those people back there to get on the ball and answer my letters. I haven't received a letter in four days.

How is George getting along with his family? I would love to see the baby. I hope he won't be as mean as his Uncle. Although I can't say very much, ha!

Mom, there will be times when I won't have time to answer both yours and Marie's letters but I will always try to answer one of the other.

Geese Mom, I sure feel sorry for the French people, there sure are plenty of homes torn up. I will tell you more about this country when I get home.

I am anxious to get The Pocahontas Times so that I may be able to keep up with my friends. I guess I will have to close for tonight. Answer soon and write often. With love,

Frank.

Mrs. Beck Riddle of Rt. 1, Marlinton sends this letter from T. Sgt. Morris Knox, of Easley, S. Carolina.

Dear Mrs. Riddle:

About 20 days ago I left Bert in Corsica at which time he was feeling fine and in good health. There is no reason to worry about him. He is probably safer than he would be in the States.

Bert was in my crew. He was the best man I had. He should be a Sergeant, but there are no openings, and it is impossible to do so. I tried for him.

Mrs. Riddle, it looks like you did a very good job of making a man out of him. He is strong, honest, sincere, a hard worker and worshipping his family. I don't believe Bert has an enemy in the outfit. We have lived in the same tent for the past eight months and he is just a good old fellow. He worries about you at home and is anxious to get back; and I believe your son will be coming home to you before Xmas. I may never see Bert again, but I will always be his friend.

Sincerely,
T. Sgt. Morris Knox.

Mrs. Lonnie McLaughlin received this letter from her brother, Glen, who is in a Tank Division in France:

Dear Sis and All:

Hello every one. How are we doing - All fine and dandy I hope I am okay myself and sitting here under a big apple tree; have time out to write a letter or two and I think I owe you a couple of letters.

This is a beautiful place here where I am and makes one think of the nice things back home. Sorry I can't tell you where I am; you will have to make one big guess and you will have it.

Where are the other boys now? Still in England?

Oh, yes, tell Elmer to go easy with those Louisiana girls for they are French.

Say Sis, did Raymond Shinnberry go to the Army?

Guess I had better stop, the wind is trying to take my paper, and I have a nice chapped face and lips from the sun and wind.

Give the kiddies "Hi" for me, and tell Lonnie to take it easy, and maybe I'll be back to take the rabbit hunt soon. I saw a jack rabbit here this morning big as a dog.

Answer when you can sis.
Glen.

Mrs. Lucy Davis of Marlinton, received this letter from her son, Clarence Davis, S. 1 Class, of the Navy:

Dear Mother and L. W.

I received 3 letters from you both today and would love to answer each one but guess I can't do that out here. I am getting along just fine, only awful anxious to get back home. You ask me about those pictures. I would like to have them and I think they will get to me okay. Please send me some of L. W. and yourself as I have but one of you and none of L. W. I really got a nice picture from Gladys yesterday; one she had taken when she was home last spring.

About moving off the mountain as I wrote before, I think is a grand idea. It will be okay with me for that mountain is just too much for you to climb every time you go to church.

Mother I am sending you a money order. If there is anything you need please use it. If you can buy a piece off the mountain, take all the money, I have in the bank

and get it. I will send at least \$50. home every month and double it now and then. So that will be a good start. Don't get me wrong, I won't bother you with my big family. ha!

About the hunting this fall. I have no idea when I will get back, for now that we have the Japs on the run, we can't let up or it will mean disaster. So I guess we will be gone a long time yet. I saw in the paper where ammunition would be sold to the hunters. Tell L. W., if he can, to get some 22 shells for me, in case I do get home.

I am getting The Pocahontas Times now and will you please tell ole Cal to put some Field Notes in there for me.

Well I must close for this time but will try to write more often. Tell all the folks hello for me. I hope this finds all well and happy. As ever,

Clarence.

T. Sgt. Wm. Jeffries, writes to his mother, Mrs. M. E. Jeffries of Marlinton, from somewhere in New Guinea, under date of July 26, 1944.

Dear Mother:

To night I will drop you a line to let you hear from me. I am feeling fine and in good health. Boy this place over here is really getting old and the longer I stay here, the worse I hate it, but I just as well like it, for there is nothing one can do about it. We are having it pretty nice now and taking it pretty easy lately. I have lost quite a bit in weight, since I came here, but our food isn't as good as we had at home. You were telling me of Fred writing but I haven't received the letter as yet. Have you heard anything more from Ira?

I am sending a poem for Mr. Price to publish in The Times, about my outfit.

Well I will close for now, answer real soon. Marvin.

The long days of waiting was over. The dry running problems were through. The Twentieth was headed to battle.

With a crew of men that was new No one could answer the question That was present in everyone's mind.

Would these men be fearless in battle, Or quaking with fear, lag behind. Then the test came swift as an arrow.

They had advanced to Lone Tree Hill

When Hell broke loose in its fury That would make the bravest of hearts stand still.

Into this blazing inferno They pushed with all their might. For this Hill had to be taken. And cleared of the enemy that night.

Everyone was busy with fighting. None had time for fear. The question had already been answered. And these men had earned the right to cheer.

They had cleared the hill of snipers. That had held up the advance for awhile. They had smashed up the machine guns and mortars. And did it in true Yankee style.

These men can be proud of their outfit. For it can be classed with the rest Of the outfits on the pages of History. That have proved to the world, they are best.

And the Regiment can be proud of its men. Men with hearts true and bold. That have done great deeds of valor. That will equal the heroes of old.

Administrator's Sale

As administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary M. Gay, deceased, I will sell at Public Auction on FRIDAY, October 6, 1944, beginning at 1 o'clock, at her late home on Red Lick Mountain, one mile from the State Fish Hatchery, the following personal property:

4 cows, and 4 calves; 26 head of sheep, sow and 8 pigs; mowing machine; hay rake, roll of belting, pickup truck, truck trailer, 22 yoke, brass kettle and spيدر. Stone jars, spike tooth harrow, shovel plow. Hot Shot Battery, pile of scrap, kitchen cabinet, kitchen safe, dining room safe, stand table, dresser, two wooden chests, churn, clothes chest, beds, bedding, feather ticks, tables, dishes, pots, 76 jars of fruit, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS: CASH.

F. P. McLaughlin, Admr. Estate of Mary M. Gay, dec'd, W. A. Barlow, Auctioneer.

Mrs. Gail Dilley, of Orlando, Florida, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Edna Simmons.

6,367,860* TIMES SINCE PEARL HARBOR, OLD AGE HAS PUT SOMEBODY'S CAR IN THE JUNK HEAP!

WITH PROPER CARE, MANY WOULD STILL BE RUNNING. PROPER CARE NOW CAN HELP KEEP YOURS ON THE ROAD!

* AS OF OCTOBER 1, 1944 - ESTIMATE

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK - DON'T WASTE A DROP



TIRE STUDIES SHOW THAT 9 OUT OF 10 ROADSIDE 'FLATS' COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED BY PROPER CARE. PRECAUTIONARY TIRE CARE IS AN ESSO DEALER SPECIALTY.

FOR LATEST NEWS-TUNE IN YOUR ESSO REPORTER EVERY DAY

SURE WE FEEL THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE, BUT IT WON'T CUT THE QUALITY OF OUR WORK EVEN IF WE SOMETIMES NEED A BIT MORE TIME!

BATTERY ENGINE CHASSIS TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL RADIATOR IGNITION - LET YOUR ESSO DEALER CHECK EVERY POINT OF WEAR NOW FOR COMPLETE WINTER DRIVING PROTECTION!



THE AVERAGE CHASSIS HAS 28 POINTS WHICH MUST BE LUBRICATED, MANY WITH SPECIAL GREASES. YOUR ESSO DEALER'S AN EXPERT AT THIS!



STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

LET YOUR ESSO DEALER DO IT!

CARE DRIVEN VEHICLES



We have just received a large shipment of Kroehler Living Room Suites IN GENUINE MORRIS Rose or Blue, 2 or 3 piece, either color or combination of the two . . .

\$219 for 2 pieces

A low price for such fine merchandise Full Spring Construction

Lewisburg Furniture Co. Lewisburg, W. Va.

Emergency

MEN URGENTLY NEEDED FOR ESSENTIAL WORK WITH A POST-WAR FUTURE . . .

Full or Part Time Work

Do your Part on the Home Front Help Produce for Victory

See your United States Employment Service

MARLINTON TANNERY

International Shoe Company

Will Help in Arranging Transportation

Our Army and Navy Boys

The following letter which expresses regret, was received by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hefner, of Marlinton, Elk Rte. from James M. Gavin, Brigadier General, U. S. Army Commanding: Headquarters 830 Airborne Division, Office of Division Commander.

Dear Mr. Hefner:

It is with deep regret, that I write of the death of your son, Pvt. First Class, Addy E. Hefner 15/76419, a member of my Command, who was killed in action, June 9, 1944 during the Invasion of France.

Your son was a member of the 401st Glider Infantry, 82nd "All American" Airborne Division.

PFC. Hefner was a member of a heavy machine gun squad. He was a loyal and fearless soldier, whose fine knowledge of his machine gun, leadership, and outstanding courage in combat were admired by all who knew him.

Putting aside family ties, the admiration, respect and affection of comrades are a soldier's most priceless possessions, because collectively these comrades are unfailing judges. These possessions I believe your son earned in full measure. Death of such a man leaves with each member of the Division a lasting sense of loss, from which there comes to you a deep sense of personal sympathy.

Sincerely,
James M. Gavin.

Vol. 44, No. 24

Our Army and Navy Boys

Private Paul Conrad Friel

Private Paul Conrad Friel, husband of Mrs. Bertha Friel and son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Friel, of Greenbank, West Virginia, died of wounds received in action in France October 6, 1944, thus giving his life in the service of his country. "Greater Love Hath No Man."

He was inducted into service on December 11, 1942, and completed his basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas, June 1, 1944. He was then transferred to Fort Meade, Maryland, and joined troops in the European theater of combat early in July.

Paul was born October 29, 1911 at Greenbank and was graduated from high school there in 1930. He was a member of the Liberty Presbyterian Church.

On February 6, 1936 he was married to Miss Bertha Abeher, of South Charleston.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, his parents, two sisters, Mrs. C. F. Celsin, of Spruce, and Mrs. E. B. Fost, Jr., of California; two brothers, Lyle M. Friel, of Waynesboro, Virginia, and Keith M. Friel, of Belle, and a host of relatives and friends.

A song of sunshine through the rain
Of spring across the snow
A balm to heal the hurts of pain
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Were just three days apart.
With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung
As, lifted high upon His cross
The Lord of Glory hung.
When rocks were rent and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart,
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day
Were just three days apart.

X

Private James H. Phillips, of the paratroopers stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia, was home on a ten day furlough. He said he liked this branch of the service fine and the jumps from the planes sure were a thrill. He returned in May from nearly two years service in Alaska and the Aleutians, and expects more foreign service in the near future.

Mrs. John Clark recently received a package from her son, James Gardner Quick, of the Navy. This is the first time she had heard from him for a long time. He enlisted in the Navy two years ago.

P.F.C. John G. Quick, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, spent a 15 day furlough here with his mother, Mrs. John Clark, sisters and friends. He has spent three years

in the Aleutian Islands and Alaska returning to the States last February. He expects service in the South Pacific soon.

Johan Hunter Phillips, m-3-c is spending a thirty day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips, of Frank. This is his first visit home in twenty-six months, having spent nineteen months overseas. He will report to New York on November 11th for further duty. On his return he will go by way of Richmond, Virginia, to visit his sisters, Miss Agnes Phillips, who is attending Smithdeal-Massey Business College and Mrs. D. E. Shrader, who is employed there.

Leo Davis who is participating in campaigns in Western Europe as Assistant Squad Leader, has recently been promoted from Private to Sergeant. His wife is Mrs. Clytie A. Davis, of Marlinton.

William Perry was up from Benet on Monday. His son, William S., was wounded on July 11, in the Invasion of France. He is still in a hospital in England, but writes encouraging letters home. He was struck in the back with a piece of shrapnel.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Opie Lowe, of the Navy, was in town a few days this week. He is being transferred from Camp Peary, Virginia, to Great Lakes, Illinois. He is an instructor in small arms training.

Lieutenant Charles C. LaRue, is now stationed in India. He was with Lieutenant Harry Lynn Sheets there for a day, and a half before he left for the States. LaRue had just arrived in India. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. LaRue, now of Baltimore, formerly of Hillsboro.

John W. (Bill) Candler writes home from Australia that after nearly three years in the Army, with better than two years overseas that he had not the first person he knew since leaving the induction station at Fort Hayes, Ohio, when he recently met Tom Dearing, on the street of an Australian town.

Lieutenant Alfred McElwee and Sergeant Charles Edward McElwee, sons of Mr. and Mrs. June McElwee, were recently fortunate enough to meet and spend the night together in France.

W. W. Wilson, Bkr. 2C, of the U. S. Navy, is spending a 15 day furlough with relatives and friends in Marlinton and Hinton. Seaman Wilson has been in the Service two years, one year of which was spent abroad, having been in the invasion of Anzio, Italy, and was in Sicily. He was on a ship that docked in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King are home from Paw Paw this week.

FOR SALE
4 room house, nicely located in the town of Cass. East side; 3 lots 40x75 feet. Apply to Mrs. Hattie Perry, 211 Clark Drive, Apt. 202, 11-2-3t Charleston, W. Va.

Pyron Mountains

The hunting season opened up here and got off to a good start. Most of the hunters getting their limit each day of squirrels. From all reports there is quite a bit more than last season. Plenty of game as food for them and they are fat and fine for eating but rather hard to see among the leaves that are still hanging. No turkeys reported killed in this section the first day. There are a few scattered over this section but not as many as last season according to reports. There are fewer grouse than at any time in the 22 years I have lived here. Foxes are getting in their dirty work on them and the turkeys too. From reports I get what few turkeys there is in this section are in the Park and safe. Waldo's are helping the foxes clean out the turkeys too. One killed a big gobbler in the Park last winter at a feeding station. A trap was set for it with the usual results, of course. So with out a doubt this cat worked on the drove all that winter in the Park and must have wiped out a good portion of them. There is plenty of other game up here such as deer and coon. A few rabbits but one can't expect them to increase to any great extent with foxes, minks, weasels and other predatory stuff working on them continuously.

Never heard a single report all last winter of the big coon and mink that used to make Chicken house Run their home. The mink was an over size one and as black as night, according to those who saw it. One fellow told me the coon had a track so big that its foot must have been as big as his. The record will say he wore a number 9 shoe. He may have leaned from the truth just a little, but it must have been plenty big. My young and very good friend, Winters Dean, bought a coon dog last season and I am expecting him to see something of this monster coon if it is still on the Run.

I see the panther tales have started the rounds again. Also read in another paper late last spring that there was another wolf back on Elk Mt.; had killed sheep and had been seen at a distance. Have watched for reports of it since then but saw none. I saw a picture of a big panther in one of my hound journals that was treed by just two raddick hounds. Why don't some men get out with their hounds and get this panther and wolf. I know we have men that can do it, so what is holding them back, I would like to know.

The political pot has about come to the boiling point. All one can hear on the radio, and talked about here, is who to vote for, which is the man, etc. Well, as the late Will Rogers to start his widely read column off with "All I know is what I read in the papers," about it, but I do know that if the tale was started on Franklin D. Roosevelt to hurt his chances for reelection, of him turning back a battleship to get his little dog Fella forgotten and left behind, that it won't do it.

As a matter of fact, I think it will help his chances. It is what one would expect of a man with the great humanitarian heart he has shown he has since serving in office. Don't know if this yarn is so or not, but anyway I am stringing along with him for it until the opposition brings out a full fledged fox hunter against him. His Scottie dog is a long ways from a fox hound, but who knows if that time won't convert Mr. Roosevelt into a hound owner one of these days. Don't forget that George Washington was one of our first leading fox hunters and hound breeders as well as the Father of our Country, and is so honored by most of the big fox hunters associations over the country. There is one man in our own state that is getting my vote if I am lucky enough to get to the polls to cast it. Don't even know his name or what ticket he is on nor what he is running for. But I do know he sent out post cards with his message to voters on them, that he had a big pack of hounds on them, which is enough for yours truly.

John F. Scott
Watoga, W. Va.

I am a and for our country party and for their county and Allen for Senate from composed about as Braxton. For more were una Counties claim for tation in legislation. Finally who broke distance. cient less insured proper in place and and gen the inter people. man is al a new be So, do n larity ab

W. Den State An Ed p Ca with a your Cl (This frien

MAIL CALL IN THE SOUTH
PACIFIC.

There are sad things seen on these
Islands green
But the saddest I'll venture to
say
Is the anguished trace on a ship-
mate's face,
When he's told, "There's no
letter today."

Now I've seen them lie, while
waiting to die,
Yet gladness their face express,
With a letter torn and badly worn
Like a jewel to their heart was
pressed

O Folks back there we know you
care
And you'd stake your lot for
us all
But the greatest joy you can bring
Is his name at the old Mail call.
It's the same old sight from Morn
'til night,
And the same routine and such
That gets a guy tho' he'd gladly
die,
Before he'd give in an inch or
as much.

But your mail from home takes
ourselves to roam,
From the worry and cares of
war
And makes it seem like a pleasant
dream
And brings us home once more.

We're doing fine on the firing line
With your bullets and tanks and
guns.
But the blast that'll shell all the
Axis to H—
Are the letters from you to
your sons.

Written by
Denny W. Sharp M.A.M.S.C.

the day you don't know any trouble. We need things like shoes, French, Italian, British, and South African. The most common are the French Foreign Legion. What gets me is the number of foreign soldiers that wear G.I. uniforms. The U. S. must be clothing the world in army uniforms.

Jake and I haven't bought much stuff; one reason is that there is very little worth having and the other is that it costs a small fortune to buy anything. I have taken some pictures but have to go easy, as there is no film to be had. That is one thing you can send me. Be careful to pack it good. As the saying is, one picture is worth a thousand words, and I am sure that is right.

Still we haven't received any mail and don't expect we will for some time. It is pretty hard to write letters when we don't get any. I know that you are writing and that one of these days I will get them. It would be nice if I could hear how things are at home. I did see in the paper yesterday where West Va. had 36 inches of snow on the ground. I bet you had a time digging out of that.

That is about all there is left to say. You know I would like to be home, but it isn't too bad over here. I will miss the Christmas dinner just as much as I missed Thanksgiving. It was funny about our Thanksgiving dinner, we were out to sea and it was rough. Half the fellows were sick yet they would take a big plate of food but couldn't eat.

Tell all the folks I think of them and hope they are well.

Love to all,
Sherman

Harmon Dilley received the following letter from Sgt. Marion Stamper, under date of Dec. 5th, New Guinea.

Hi Harmon:

Your letter just received and Xmas card of Oct. 19th. The Christmas greeting makes me feel lots more cheerful. You have no idea what letters and holiday greetings mean to a fellow down here. This place seems clean-cut of the world. I sometimes wonder if it's a dream, or ever having had a home or being in civilization.

If Everette Dilley comes down here, I hope to see him. Bob Woods is in New Guinea some where, but I can't find out just

ship and devotion to duty during these sieges galvanized his objectives in the shortest possible time, with a minimum of casualties to his men and loss of equipment. Throughout these engagements, Captain Edgar's countless examples of great personal courage were a constant source of inspiration to all serving with him. Captain Edgar entered military service from West Virginia. He is the son of George F. Edgar, of Hillsboro, and grandson of Captain Alfred M. Edgar, of the Confederate Army.

Staff Sergeant Dale E. Arbogast, of the 65th Army Airway Communication Group, has received commendation from his commanding officer, Colonel Kenneth W. Kline. Sergeant Arbogast is the son of Mrs. M. C. Arbogast, of Huntington.

1. This headquarters desires to commend you for the splendid contribution you have made to wards insuring successful accomplishment of the task involved in establishing Detachment H 133rd AACGS Squadron, on continental Europe. Yours was one of the first two units to arrive upon the Continent.

2. Your unwavering devotion to duty, your disregard for personal comfort and conveniences, your cheerfulness when faced with situations that could have well been unbearable, your ability to provide when improvisation was required was an outstanding factor in contributing to the success of the mission assigned to your unit.

3. It is a source of personal pride to the undersigned, to have been associated with your unit in the capacity of Group Commander during this entire period and you may well be proud of the achievements of the unit in which you served during those first days of the invasion. Your unit is credited, by the medical personnel who were there with you, with having been of tremendous assistance in saving lives of wounded soldiers by your conscientious efforts to control movements of air evacuation aircraft as the exigencies of the moment required. Each member of your unit was a part of a team and each one of you played your part to perfection.

4. It is the spirit, co-operation and efficiency demonstrated so ably by each of you which will be the real "Secret Weapon" that will bring this war to a speedy close with victory triumphant for our armies.

Hoil.

Lieut. Sherman Beard of the Air Corps, serving in North Africa, writes to his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Beard, of Lewisburg, North Africa.

Dec. 17, 1944.

Dear Folks:

At last I can tell you what country I am in anyway, even if I can't tell the exact location. We are somewhere in North Africa. Never did I think I would be this far away from home, and see the things we have. The more places I go and the more people I see just makes me appreciate the fact that I am an American. When you see these people half fed and dirty as can be, you just wonder how they live.

Day before yesterday, we took a trip in a truck and got to see a little more of the life of the people here. Most of the population is Arab and they are a very dirty and ignorant people. Part of the people live in houses made of stone or mud but a lot of them just dig a hole in the side of a cliff and call it "home, sweet home." The goats and chickens live right along in the same houses. Talk about stink you can smell those caves and houses for half a mile.

Most of the Arab women dress in white sheets (that was the original color) with only one eye that can be seen. Part of these women are like the women in the states and don't give a darn and show their faces. All these women have some sort of religious tattoo on the forehead, each cheek and on back of the hands; it does not help their looks much.

The men wear anything they can get their hands on. A lot wear parts of uniforms that have been discarded by our boys. All the kids play in the streets and beg for money, gum or cigarettes. What fools me is that these little kids have a back of a lot of money. If they can't beg they will buy anything they can and wear the shirt off your back. Prices are high due to the black market, which most of the kids sell to. They will 50 cents a pack for cigarettes and 35 cents for gum. For a bed sheet you can get as much as \$35. to \$40. The other day I was offered \$30. for the pants I was wearing. I don't know how he expected me to get home. The Army is pretty rough on soldiers who sell to the black market.

